

wide streets lined by well-built houses with projecting upper stories, and well-supplied and busy markets, in which an enormous quantity of mutton is exposed for sale, are among the chief features of this very striking town. A domiciliary visit from a courteous chief of police, who assured me that an escort was not needed, and re-sealed my passports, was my only contact with Turkish officialism between Erzerum and Trebizond.

After leaving Baiburt I diverged a little, in spite of very deep snow, to visit the ruined Armenian ecclesiastical edifices at Varzahan, a village from which a mountain road to Trebizond passing near the Greek monastery of Sumelas branches from the main road. The most interesting and best - preserved of these buildings is an octagonal chapel of a very elaborate design, with remains of a circle of slender shafts, a very fine west window, round arches, and some curious designs in fresco. In another a pointed arch, and a fragment of a blind arcade with niches on its outer face, remain, along with some very carefully-executed cable and twisted moulding. It was truly refreshing to come upon such very beautiful relics of Christian art in so wild a country. These edifices are attributed to the eleventh or twelfth century. In an ancient and adjacent cemetery there are several monumental stone rams, very much like the stone lions of the Bakhtiari country.

I quite broke down on that march, and was obliged to bribe the Turkish occupants of a most miserable hovel to

vacate it for me, and on the following day
was only able
to ride three hours to Getchid. The sky was
grim and
threatening, and the snow deep, and when
after a long
ascent we descended into a really magnificent
defile, so
narrow that for a long distance the, whole
roadway is
blasted out of the rock, a violent snowstorm
came on,
with heavy gusts of wind. There were high
mountains